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*The Mad-Mans Morrice.*

Wherin you shall finde
His trouble and grief, and discontent of his minde,
A warning to yong men to have a care,
How they in love intangled are.

To a pleasant new Tune.



Had you not lately of a man,
That went beside his witte,
And naked through the streets he ran,
Except in his franticke fitte:
My honest neighbours it is I,
Hark how the people shout me:
See where the mad man comes they cry,
With all the Boyes about me.

Into a pond stark nak'd I ran
And cast my clothes away for,
Without the help of any man
Made swift to run away for.
How I got out, I have forgot,
I do not well remember,
Whether it was cold or hot,
In June, or in December.

Tom Bedlam's but a doge to me,
I speak in sober sadnesse,
For more strange visions do I see,
When he in all his madnessse.
When first this chance to me befell,
About the market walke I,
With Capons feathers in my cap,
And to my self thus talke I.

Did you not see my Love of late,
Like Titan in her glazze?
Do you not know she is my mate,
And I must write her name,
With pen of gold on silver leafe,
I will so much befriend her:
For looke, I am of this belief,
None can so well commend her.

Do you not see Angels in her eyes,
While that she was a speaking,
Do you not smell like Paradise,
Betweene two Rubies breaking?
Is not her hair more pure then gold,
Or finest Spiders spinning?
We thinke, in her I do behold,
My toys and woes beginning.

Is not a dimple in her cheek,
Each eye a star that's sparkling,
Is not all grace install'd in her,
Each day all toys imparting?
We thinke I see her in a Cloud,
With graces round about her:
To them I cry and call aloud
I cannot live without her.

45. 6. 25.

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The second part

to the same tune.



Then raging towards the Skie I roze,
Thinking to catch her hand,
Then to love I call and cry,
To let me by her stand,
I look behind and there I see
My shadow me beguile,
And with the were as near to me,
Which makes my worship smile.

There is no creature can compare
With my beloved Nancy.
Thus I baffle cossies in the aire,
This is the fruits of fancy:
My thoughts mount high above the Skie,
Of none I stand in awe,
Although my body here do lie
Upon a pad of straw.

I was as good a harmlesse youth
Before base Cupid caught me,
By his own mother with her charms
Into this cage had brought me,
Script and whipt now must I be
In Bedlam bound with chains:
Good people all, now you may see
What love hath for his pains.

When I was young as others are
With Gallants did I flourish,
When was I the properest Lad
That was in all the Parish?
The bracelets which I us'd to wear
About my arms so tender
Are turned now to iron plates,
About my body slender.

Humphrey Crowch.

My silken Spates do now decay,
My caps of gold are banisht,
And ail my friends do wear away,
As I from them were banisht,
My silver cups are turn'd to earth,
I'm lard by every Clown,
I was a better man by birth,
Till Fortune cast me down.

I'm out of frame and temper too,
Though I am something chearfull,
Oh this can love and fancy do,
If that you be not carefull!
O set a watch before your eyes,
Lest they betray your heart,
And make you slaves to vanities,
To act a mad mans part.

Declare this to each mothers some,
Unto each honest Lad,
Let them not dars I have done,
Lest they like me grow mad,
If Cupid strike, be sure of this,
Let reason rule affection,
So shalt thou never do amiss,
By reasons good direction.

I have no more to say to you,
My keeper now doth chide me,
Now must I bid you all adieu,
God knows what till betide me,
To picking straws now must I go,
My time in Bedlam spending,
Good folks you your beginning know
But do not know your ending.

FINIS.

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